

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

FROM WOMAN'S
POINT OF VIEW

"You have so much to say on the subject of economy, what do you think of the wife of a moderate salaried man, who hires a man to do frequent jobs about the house, when she is paying good wages to a maid who is supposed to do the general work?" "I think her an eminently wise woman," was my answer. "If you mean the one I think you are describing," she said, "I mean that one and I know a good deal about her methods. She is an economist just the same because she spends her money wisely and never goes beyond her limit."

She saves money on clothes by employing a seamstress to remodel, refit, and refresh her garments. She hires a man to wash the windows and sweep the rugs that her maid may have time for dainties, but quite as important work. Economy does not mean pinching and starving when there is enough for comfort, but it is against waste of any description. It means getting the most out of all expenditure, in money, in strength, in peace of mind. That is the way business understands it, and that is the best standard we have. The course pursued by large enterprises can be copied with profit by even the humblest housewife.

Science has revolutionized farming—why not adopt it in home-making? Two brothers, farmers from boyhood, are now beginning to drift apart after forty years or so of competition which did not materially affect the fortunes of either. Two years ago one of them was persuaded to install a scientific manager, and let him have his own way, and to-day his farm is multiplying his former income so rapidly as to almost take his breath away. Nothing goes to waste save the overgrown ideas of the owner, whose brother is plodding doggedly along in his old way, too indifferent to pull a head of lettuce for anybody who is willing to pay the market price for it, although hundreds of it are going to seed or being fed to the stock.

The scientific farmer sells every lettuce on his place, first to market and then by house-to-house calls. He knows that waste affects the profits and he is drawing a salary to prevent that. In all great enterprises great care is taken to avoid small leaks and men are hired to know where every dollar is spent and who gets the benefit of it. Many queer things are done in the name of economy, of course, but any intelligent person can tell when there is waste or when expenditure is too near the limit of the purse. Every woman owes it to herself to keep within the bounds of a reasonable expenditure of strength, for the drain is bound to be felt some time. An automobile manufacturer recently announced that metal has a limit of elasticity, although it was treated as if it had no limits. That is the general impression concerning the human body. Money spent to save undue strain is far from being wasted.

BETTY BRADEN.

CAUGHT WITH A MOUSETRAP.

From the Buffalo News.
The large black crow of South Africa is a tremendous gorging, and he does enormous damage to the meales and other crops.

A sufferer has devised a clever way of frightening off these pests. A long stake is first firmly planted in the earth. A captured crow is then attached to the stick just above the ground. On top of the stake is fixed a steel mousetrap.

The crow, maddened by its unaccustomed captivity, screams, and flaps its wings wildly. Immediately any crow in the vicinity who overhears the outcry will fly down and settle on top of the stake to gaze down—whether in contempt or pity is not known—at the prisoner. The mousetrap does the rest!

MOTHERS AS MATCHMAKERS.

From the Buffalo News.
If in the village of Tigara, in Northwestern Alaska, one sees a young man beating out a piece of metal and fashioning a finger-ring, it is usually intended for some young woman; but it remains for the meeting of the two mothers to arrange matters.

The two families may be living close together, yet the mother of the young man will call on her neighbor and tell her how she has intended to be more neighborly, but she has been so busy.

The neighbor will declare how delighted she is to see her.

Then the visitor begins to tell how good her son is. Further, they never go hungry, as her son is such a fine hunter that he brings home plenty of food.

The girl's mother, in return, dilates on her daughter's skill as a cook, and how good she is at sewing.

It is finally decided that the young man shall enter the girl's family on a sort of trial. If the girl turns up her nose and makes faces he may as well leave, as the match will never amount to anything; but should she greet him with an occasional smile, and allow him to sit by her side in the evening, it will all be clear sailing, and they will unite as husband and wife.

SNAPSHOTS OF THOUGHT.

By T. M. SULLIVAN.

Common sense is the trowel with which genius lays the corner stone of fame.

The law that does not limit your liberties cannot protect them.

Trains of thought never collide or leave the track in a well-disciplined mind.

Calumnies are sparks from the anvil of malice.

Although conscience is voiceless, its promptings can be easily heard.

The world accords to some worthy men fame only after they have stepped from the last round of the ladder of human endeavor.

Custom is the despot whose edict weak men fear to ignore.

Death closes the earthly career of those who, in life, have done nothing worthy of remembrance.

Frugality is the handmaid, and economy is the mother of wealth.

Family jars are poor receptacles in which to preserve domestic peace.

Colored scarfs accord with gowns, but the wife for scarves must be white or white and gold, or white and silver emeralds.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER WHO KNOWS.



Ruth Cameron.

"But my mother is so old-fashioned—she does not understand."

"I heard a girl say yesterday as an excuse for not taking her mother's conservative but wise advice."

"My dear girl," I said, "you may thank your lucky stars that that dear old mother of yours is old-fashioned and does not understand, for in all probability, if she had not been old-fashioned and did—what you call—understand, you would not have been the nice, refined girl you are to-day."

For a mother to be a companion to her girls is a very beautiful thing. But the companionship should be the result of her lifting the girls to her level and not stooping to theirs.

When I was a girl I knew a woman who attempted to be a companion to her two daughters to the extent of joining in all their sports, using their slang, and in all ways imitating their immaturity instead of teaching them to respect her maturity.

I don't know what her daughters thought of her, but although we girls enjoyed romping with her, we were secretly glad that our mothers were not like her. We preferred them "old-fashioned," if that meant dignified and conservative.

"She does not understand the way I look at it," the impatient daughter says. She should remember that a mother's inability to understand her daughter's viewpoint is frequently the inability of the person at the top of the mountain to remember just how the landscape looks to one who has climbed but a little way up the path.

And no matter how clearly a girl may see things from her point of view half or a quarter way up the mountain, isn't it best for her to keep in mind that the mother who looks out from the summit sees things she cannot possibly see?

Taking an "old-fashioned" mother's conservative advice is much the same as investing in substantial 3 per cent bonds. They don't seem so attractive at the time as some glittering stock that pays 15 or 20 per cent and later on goes to the wall. But a girl should remember that while a man may recover from a crash, a woman, alas, seldom can.

Large mercantile houses pay thousands of dollars annually for the advice of experts who know. The advice of your mother doesn't cost you a cent.

Can you afford to lightly throw it aside?

RUTH CAMERON.

LATEST FASHIONS.



LADIES' WAIST OR LINING.

Paris Pattern No. 2990.

All Seams Allowed.

Any material that the wearer desires may be used for this model, which, as the title implies, may be used as a lining or to build a waist upon. It may be developed high-necked, with long sleeves, or it may have the neck cut out in low round or square Dutch outline and short sleeves, according to taste. The pattern is in 8 sizes—32 to 46 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist requires 5 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yards 42 inches wide.

WASHINGTON HERALD PATTERN COUPON.

Name.....

Address.....

Size desired.....

Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and inclose, with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

THE RABBIT'S FOOT.

Its use is particularly noticeable just now.

Whether we approve or not, the fact remains that more rouge is being used than has been the case for some time.

This is partly due, of course, to the fatigue that ensues at the end of a season, be it winter or summer.

It is due, perhaps, still more to the latest fashion in veils.

They are a very wide and heavy mesh, in which the face is absolutely caged.

A heavy veil of any description whitens and attenuates the face, but there is one thing certain, if they do, they should do it in such a way that it shall never be conspicuous.

There is, of course, a division of opinion as to whether well-bred women should wear rouge, but there is one thing certain, if they do, they should do it in such a way that it shall never be conspicuous.

Three Sisters Marry at Same Time.

From the Portland Oregonian.

Because there was not another Sorber boy who had reached marriageable age, dainty little Miss Agnes Peterson, of St. John, Saturday night married Clarence Fred Cooley, at the same time that her two sisters, Betty and Ellen, were united, respectively, with the two brothers Sorber, Edgar W. and David W. The triple wedding took place at 310 Scott avenue, St. John.

Fearing the young couples might get mixed, Rev. G. W. Nelson performed three ceremonies, following each other in quick order, in place of tying a triple knot as he had at first intended.

Procks may be buttoned down the front as well as the back, since fashion has suddenly become more liberal-minded in this respect.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Who Should and Who Should Not Aspire to that Role.

From the New York Sun.

There are many women who swear by black as smart wear of a class apart, who never venture without a black gown or evening dress in their wardrobes, who always possess a black hat, who know the charm of floating black feathers, veils, and scarfs, touches of black velvet or tulle, the allure of black fox and Persian lamb, the quaintness of black enamel, jet and black pearls.

Black can be the smartest of the smart, the dullest of the dowdy; black can be startlingly unexpected and the most obvious wear in the world. (Umbrellas and galoshes are black!) Black can be wickedness incarnate, elusively and obviously; black can be good, unadmirably good; but, above all things and beyond all virtues, black can be ladylike.

"There are women who look their best in black for that reason; they look gentlewomen when they wear it, and not otherwise. I am always a little bit mistrustful of the type that looks its best when in sable array," says a writer in the Queen.

"It suggests an uncomfortable reason for its not looking so nice in anything else."

"Mind, I am not for one moment denying that black is enormously becoming—to those it becomes. I do not think black women who are in the least degree inclined to lack character of appearance, women whom you are apt to overlook in black, whose coloring errs on the side of colorlessness, who are if anything too thin and lacking in line—anything else may be read curves to the nature has been a trifle parsimonious perhaps, women who are fading or who have never been anything but faded, bled in soda waters, women with weak tea in their veins, women who call their sumptuous, damask roses, carnation sisters 'daisy-maidens' and much unkindlier things than that, women who are not of the type that Mr. Hewlett frankly calls 'disastrous to mankind.'"

TAILORED GOWNS AT RACES.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is rather interesting to hear that at the races this summer the smart women, Parisiennes and Americans, were strictly severe tailor suits. This is a hopeful sign against the queer things now done in the name of dress. True, the French woman of position has never been seen in the caricatures that are always heralded as "first style," but this year they have endeavored to look more sedate than ever.

GOLDENROD DAYS.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In a week or two the country fields and roadsides will be bright with goldenrod. Every highway and hill will be filled with its nodding plumes of yellow.

This flower is well adapted for decorative purposes, and it may be had in abundance.

Tall vases filled with it may be used for the luncheon table; massed about the hall and drawing-room it makes an attractive setting for a home wedding, and bowls of it add a touch of color to the tea table set on the lawn or wide veranda for an informal afternoon at home.

India Women's Jewelry.

From the Baltimore American.

"It is a rare thing to see the women of India these days wearing any valuable gold jewelry, as they did in years gone by," said Charles Gaxtrey, of Bombay.

"When I first went to the Orient the women of the upper class commonly owned and wore thick chains and bracelets of the finest gold and of exquisite workmanship. In these times of pinching poverty they are too reduced financially to possess any expensive ornaments, and instead of the gold trinkets of their affluent days they now wear cheap plated or imitation stuff they would have formerly despised. It is pitiable to witness, as I have, the decline in the fortunes of the people. Abject poverty and starvation is ever at the side of millions of human beings that in ill-fated land."

A Fruitful Potato Plant.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Not satisfied with yielding an enormous output in the regular way, an Irish potato vine growing in the garden of C. C. Nall, at Luthersville, Ga., some time ago began to put out potatoes all along its branches, and when sent to the Constitution office yesterday, had potatoes as large as eggs growing practically all over the vine.

In a letter accompanying the fresh Mr. Nall states that the vine grew in his garden, where the land is a mixture of sand and red clay. On taking up the plant he found that the industrious vine had not neglected its regular duty while pulling off its unusual stunt, as proven by the fact that an unusually large number of potatoes were found in their accustomed place in the ground.

Shaded silk hosiery has something of a vogue.

Much black velvet is being used in millinery.

ANSWERS TO SOME
HOME QUESTIONS

Editor Household Department:

Can you tell me how I may mend a break in a leather shoe? All the rest of the shoe is whole, yet I do not think the pair warrant the expense of cobbling.

M. E. D.

To make a neat patch cut a piece of an old black kid glove, slightly longer than the hole, cover it with strong glue, place underneath the holes and press the edges of the shoe as closely as possible. This makes a neat patch and will last some time. A piece of fine shoe upper may also be used.

Editor Household Department:

I have a beautiful mahogany bed, perfectly plain, that has been scratched with a pin. What will remove these scratches or darken them?

J. T. L.

Try the following polish on your bed, paying particular attention to the scratched parts; it should bring very satisfactory results: Take one-quarter pound yellow beeswax and three-quarters of a pound paraffin; melt together over a fire. When thoroughly melted remove from the stove and add, very gradually, one pint of turpentine, beating steadily all the time; when this mixture is cold it should have the consistency of cold cream. Rub well into the furniture with a flannel cloth and polish with a clean, dry cloth.

Editor Household Department:

Please tell me how to care for and renovate worn shoes. I have been engaged as housekeeper in a house where much of the furniture of the living rooms is worn, and it has grown rather shabby. I would like to fix it in some way.

ANXIOUS.

Do not scrub your unpainted furniture with soap and water, as it will turn it yellow and ruin its looks. Instead, try scrubbing it with a strong solution of salt water.

If you have pieces that are so shabby that they must either be painted or thrown away, try the salt water treatment first. Scrub well and put in the sun and air to dry quickly.

If you must paint wicker furniture, see that you buy a paint that is well mixed and thinned to the proper consistency. If too thick it gets lumpy and the paint is apt to rub off on clothes. Porch chairs that are exposed to weather should be finished with a coat of enamel to make them last longer. The coat of enamel is also more easily dusted.

Editor Household Department:

How is my method of keeping ice. Perhaps some reader may find it helpful.

I. T. T.

For a family of five I have kept and used literally at three meals a day, seven pounds of ice. The lump was received a short time before breakfast. Taking off what was needed for that meal, I wrapped the remainder in the sheets of newspaper, then in a blanket, and put in a cool place. When the ice was taken for the next meal what was left was wrapped in dry paper.

TEA TABLES UP TO DATE.

From the New York Evening Post.

New things for the tea table are seemingly endless in their variety. The "Brown Betty"—the teapot, in a recent offering, is of a peculiarly lustrous china, as often blue or green as brown, and overlaid with bright silver. Of course, the creamer and sugar-bowl match. Teacups are of generous size, low and broad, and of fragile porcelain. One never sees nowadays the rather thick, usual shaped cups that held about a thimbleful.

The spoons to facilitate conversation, perhaps, have fancy bowls and handles representing everything almost in fact or fiction. If one of the designs does not remind some one of something to say when conversational lull is indeed a dull company that pertains.

Other silver accessories are jam holders, for in the English fashion jam or marmalade is quite necessary at the modern tea. Then there is the water jar, and the tea caddy, usually in old Dutch silver. An attractive shape is octagonal with a round hinged cover.

New tea balls and strainers are selected for their oddity or originality. One is a Chinaman's head, and there are spoons united like the Siamese twins, only more so, as they fit closely face to face, although they open like pincers to scoop up a fresh portion of tea, and when they are put, closed into hot water, their contents diffuse as from the regular tea ball. Some of the new sugar tongs are provided with a point designed to harpoon a rectangular piece of lemon which so many prefer to cream in their tea. And to further burden the table there are receptacles for the sliced lemon in cut or silver-mounted glass, pierced in many intricate designs, or showing a colored crystal lining.

FIANCEE OF ARMY OFFICER.



FRAULEIN EMILIE BEYER.

For love of her Lieut. Walter von Teutpohl, of Breslau, Germany, resigned his commission in the German army, and came to this country to wed. The young couple will buy a farm in this country, and make it their home.

THE OPTIMIST COLUMN

Thoughts on Truth.

Contributions by members of The Washington Herald Optimist Club.

All truth is precious. If not all divine, And what dilates the powers must needs refine.

MYRTLE BRADLEY.

315 H street northwest.

He falls who climbs to power and place
Up the road of disgrace;
He who makes the truth his cause,
Nor cares to win the crowd's applause—
He falls not, because the truth is his call;
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholty powers,
He grasps the weapon He has given—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

J. H. GRAY.

624 I street northeast.

"Of all the duties, the love of truth,
With faith and constancy in it, ranks
first and highest. Truth is God; to love
God and to love truth are one and the
same—Pellico.

Truth is many-sided, and must be viewed
in proper perspective to be fully com-
prehended. At our close range, we often
have only an imperfect or partial view,
which, though so far correct, may lead to
erroneous conclusions.

We need to be fair to each other, recog-
nizing that each may have a partial view
of the real truth, and that what is ap-
parently antagonistic may, when fully
understood, be harmonious.

So let it be. In God's own might
We stand up for the coming light,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholty powers,
He grasps the weapon He has given—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

—Anon.

321 F street.

Truth is born in us, and we must do
violence to our nature to shake off our
veracity.—St. Evremont.

KATHERINE O'BRIEN.

79 S street northwest.

QUANT SCHOOL CUSTOMS.

Long Ordeal for New Boy at Rugby.

"Kick" at Marlborough.

From the London Daily Mail.

J. L. Paton, headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, in a speech at Rochdale referred to a custom at Rugby School which forbids a boy of less than three years' standing to turn up his trousers, and insists on his doing so after that period.

The custom is only a minor instance of the quaint practices that exist at all the great public schools, and are maintained with religious care, though in many cases their origin is obscure or unknown. The Shrove Tuesday tossing of the pancake at Westminster School, with its ensuing scramble for the largest fragment, which gains for its possessor a guinea from the dean, is perhaps the best known among them.

A curious custom at Marlborough requires every boy to bring to school with him a cushion, technically termed a "kick," with the "V" long. This article is his inseparable companion in school time, and in addition to the ordinary functions of a cushion, is employed to carry books from one room to another.

At Shrewsbury School are held for the posts of hall crier, hall constable, hall postman, and hall scavengers. The genial brutality of youth often selects for the position of hall crier either the most nervous boy in the school or one who is afflicted with a stammer.

The new boy in the schoolhouse at Rugby is early called upon to take his part in "house singing." At this function, which is held in one of the dormitories, he has to render a song to the satisfaction of his audience, the penalty being the swallowing of a mouthful of soapy water.

Another ancient school custom is the parade of the Christ's Hospital bluecoat boys before the lord mayor at the mansion house on St. Matthew's Day, when the "Greelans," who correspond to "sixth formers" elsewhere, receive a guinea each and the rank and file of the school are presented with new shillings.

Growing Maidenhair Ferns.

From Gardening.

The secret of the cultivation of maidenhair ferns, to have perfect examples for house or conservatory decoration, with an ample supply for cutting, is contained in a nutshell.

Not to report unless actually needed or division necessary to increase stock, abundant supplies of soft rain water, and frequent feeding with stimulants during the growing season; a lower temperature than generally accorded, with shade from sun, and an immunity from an arid atmosphere or cold draughts. Plants grown as stated above are in capital condition for placing in the house.

The Short and the Long of It.

From Sketchy Bits.

Mrs. Rushin—That new beehive hat of yours makes your face look very short.

Mrs. Pushin—That's funny; it made my husband's face look very long!

S. KANN-SONS & CO.
815 St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

GLASSES

Worth from 6c to 20c

AT

3c, 4⁷/₈c, and 5c

A great sale of Glasses To-day. So many glasses are required in hot weather for iced tea, lemonade, and other beverages, and so many broken that a sale of this character is always hailed with delight by the housekeeper.

At 4⁷/₈c

Plain Thin-blown Crystal Glasses, 12-ounce size, bell shape, for lemonade, milk, or ice tea. Thin-blown 9-ounce Initial Tumblers. Thin-blown 5-ounce Tumblers, engraved or band design. Worth 10c.

At 3c

Thin-blown Crystal Glass Tumblers, 9-ounce size, good shapes. Thin-blown Whisky Glasses, assorted styles. Worth 6c to 10c. Third floor—Special Bargain Tables.

At 5c

Goblets, Footed Tumblers, Hand-died Sherbet Glasses, Custard Glasses. Also Fruit Sauces, Olive Dishes, Bonbon Dishes, and such. Worth 10c to 20c.

BOARDING-HOUSE SIGNS.

Little Things Which Are Usually Marks of the Perfect Landlady.

From the Boston Herald.

"Really, one never knows anything about the capabilities of one's husband until he gets an opportunity of revealing himself," was the somewhat bromidic way the young married woman began.

"Now, recently we've been hunting for a boarding-house. When we were first married I used to demand my husband's services as a boarding-house-hunting expedition simply as an escort. But nowadays I take him along as a court of first and last authority.

"Hypercritical? Why, he has the most critical fancies about things that I never dreamed of. He can tell by merely looking at the outside of a boarding-house how it will turn out on inspection.

"We approached one corner house that we had on our list. He stood off and looked it over, and then he said:

"Landlady! I want about a hundred a month for the second-story front and eighty a month for the third-story front if those two rooms are vacant. There's a doctor tenant of the parlor floor, and, of course, he's the parlor of the place, and gets all the favors and things. Guess we'll pass this one up."

"I wanted to investigate the place, and so we went in. The landlady was a snuffy little creature with an auburn wig, and we hadn't been over the threshold two minutes before she began to brag about the doctor tenant who inhabited her parlor floor. She wanted a hundred a month for the second-story front and eighty a month for the third-story front, precisely as my husband had predicted. My husband gave me the getaway signal